

THE GRAND RALLY.

THE GRAND RALLY.

The Opening Gun of the Campaign.

Enthusiastic Reception of Hon. M. M. Estee and J. B. Reddick.

**Torchlight Procession, Fireworks and
Speaking at the Pavilion.**

**Full Text of Mr. Estee's Able Ad-
dress on the Questions of
the Day—Mr. Reddick's
Remarks.**

The Republicans opened the campaign in this city last night under most favorable auspices, and with a few exceptions the 16 clubs of the city turned out and made a showing which proves conclusively that the party, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, is in a fine condition, and will give the enemy

The procession was far ahead of the ordinary run of political parades and the 15,000 spectators who were strung out along the line of march appreciated the boys' efforts, if one could judge from the applause, which was fast and furious as long as the line was in motion.

Hon. John B. Reddick, Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, and Hon. M. M. Estee, the speaker of the evening, arrived at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, on No. 19, from the North. They were met at the Wolfskill depot by a committee, consisting of Maj. George H. Bonebrake, Henry T. Gage, Judge Fitzgerald, Gen. E. P. Johnson, Col. H. G. Otis, T. A. Lewis

and Messrs. Finlayson and Gilmore, who escorted them to their quarters, where they rested until evening.

They were waited on during the afternoon by quite a number of distinguished Republicans, who made the afternoon pass as pleasantly as possible.

THE PARADE.

Grand Marshal L. E. Mosher, in order No. 8 instructed his aide and

This order brought out an array of citizens much earlier than usual, and by 7 o'clock fully 10,000 people were strung out on Main street from Third to the Plaza, and from Fifth street on Spring to the junction

One of the most striking features of the street audience was the number of ladies who were present, and seemed to take a deep interest in all that was done. Fully two-thirds of the crowd was made up of ladies, which is a good sign, as it is a well-known fact in American politics that when they take an unusual interest in one of the parties, that party is sure to win.

Hundreds of them were decked out in their best dresses and the beautiful Markham rose fluttered from a sea of heaving bosoms as the fair one waved their handkerchiefs for the great Republican ticket.

The side streets were lined with carriages and every building on the line of march bristled with happy faces. As the procession passed shout after shout went up.

Shortly before 7 o'clock the procession began to form on Main street with the right resting on Second street. Grand Marshal Mosher and his aides were on hand promptly and no time was lost in getting the various organizations in line, and promptly at 7 o'clock the word "March" was given.

marsh and his aids, as follows:

Frank L. Baldwin, Charles H. Humphreys, Harry Johnson, F. E. Lopez, Leo Longley, C. W. Pendleton, George Selp, Alfred Solano, C. W. McKelvie, Capt. J. W. Davis, C. W. Haskins, Charles Jenkins, Capt. F. W. Tyler, H. L. Moore, Thos. M. Bowers, Wm. Fuller, Frank Harrigan, R. M. Wirsching, Juan Meza, H. C. Vignier, Louis Ortega, Thomas Tamplin.

Capt. O. Regland, Capt. J. Schrieber, H. S. Clement, P. M. Darcy, Jack Skinner, E. Johnson, Jr., Mose Thompson, F. W. Smith, R. A. Brown, Frank F. Shear, C. A. Luckenbach, T. N. Candell, C. H. White, Alexander Jackson, William Valentine, Gibson, W. Bennett, H. Greeley, J. M. Frew, Col. Henry Glaze, H. Bissell, Capt. Frank Marsh, E. J. A.

Brown, Theodore Summerland, W. F.
Stockwell, L. A. Off. James M. Mer-
dith, Col. C. C. Allen, Will Gard
B. Sanchez, J. N. Gr-gory, F. E. Ho-
loway, D. C. Morrison, T. J. Carra-
Len J. Thompson, George W. William-
son, S. A. Garrett, D. D. Morton, I.
Z. Osborne, Martin Wetzel, M.
Johnson, Dr. Murphy, Harry W. Coe

The insignia of the various offices of the parade was as follows:

Grand Marshal Musher, buff waistcoat; Chief of Staff, T. A. Lewis, buff waistcoat.

Next in order came the Markham Drum Corps, followed by the Bosham Brass Band and the distinguished guests in carriages, escorted by Gen. E. P. Johnson, Maj. George H. Bonbrake, Judge Fitzgerald and Fred G. more.

The Union League was out in force and made a fine appearance. This column was headed by one of Dunnigan's horse coaches, on which were perched several of the headlights of the club. A trail wagon followed the coach, from which was kept up a fine display of red fire and Roman candles. There were about three hundred members in line. They wore Markham hats and carried torches. They were com-

Next came the Union Republic Club (colored) and the Los Angeles Republican Club (colored.) The two clubs numbered about thirty hundred and fifty members, and carried torches. They made

fine appearance, and were well supplied with fireworks, which they furnished themselves. Their banners were handsome and attracted considerable attention. They were commanded by B. F. Tarble, president of the Union Club, and W. F. Hardison, president of the Los Angeles Club. The County Republican Club, com-



om-] Mr. Gilmore introduced Judge Fitz-

The County Republican Club, co



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TWELVE PAGES.

THE PEOPLES' CHOICE.

Republican Nominations.

(Election, Tuesday, November 4, 1890.)

FOR GOVERNOR.

Col. H. H. MARKHAM, Los Angeles Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

John A. Reddick, Calaveras.

FOR STATE TREASURER.

W. H. H. HART, San Francisco.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

THEO. REICHERT, San Francisco.

FOR STATE COMPTROLLER.

W. H. H. HART, San Francisco.

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE.

W. H. H. HART, San Francisco.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

W. H. H. HART, San Francisco.

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LAST NIGHT'S DEMONSTRATION.

A decided success was achieved by the Los Angeles Republicans last night. The meeting at the Pavilion, though hastily called together, was large, enthusiastic and composed of first-class men and women. The procession which preceded it was large and creditable, considering the short time there was for organization. It was marked by spirit and enthusiasm, and attracted the attention of great numbers of people along the line of march. But it was at the Pavilion where the real strength of the gathering was fully shown. The large structure was filled from floor to roof with a thoroughly earnest and enthusiastic assemblage, which greeted the speakers heartily and made them feel that the home of Markham is the home of Republicanism. Judge Fitzgerald presided, introducing the Hon. J. B. Reddick, who spoke briefly, promising a more elaborate discussion of popular issues hereafter. The speech of the evening was made by the Hon. M. M. Estee. It was an able effort, and is printed in full in other columns of THE TIMES. Mr. Estee's discussion of the issues of the day was strong, vigorous and eloquent. His speech makes good campaign reading, and might be made use of by thousands for judicious circulation. The distinguished gentleman was called away hurriedly, being compelled to return to San Francisco on the 10:40 train last night. He was warmly received in Los Angeles, where he is a favorite.

OUR GREAT UNSETTLED RANCHES.

Any one who has traveled west or southwest from Los Angeles to the ocean cannot have failed to be impressed by the vast areas of uncultivated land which stretch out on every side, with habitations few and far between, the land utilized only for pasture or grain. In autumn, after the barley is cut, these great expanses look dry, desolate and dusty, except here and there, where a small oasis of orchard and vineyard around a lonely residence cheers the eye with its fresh verdure, and shows what might be done, at the same time increasing the wonder of the spectator that such soil, in such a climate, should be allowed to lay comparatively idle and completely uninhabited. The barley which is grown—largely for hay—barely pays interest and taxes on the present value of the land. Yet this same land will grow to perfection, and without irrigation, as may be seen from the few isolated exceptions noted, the finest of delicious fruits and vines.

From the Santa Monica foothills to Ballona, and back ten miles from the ocean, there are fifty square miles, or thirty-two thousand acres of such land, in grain and pasture. Take off two thousand acres, which are settled, or rough, and we have thirty thousand acres, which, divided into ten-acre tracts, would support ten thousand families in comfort, and after a few years, in comparative affluence. Or, put it another way. At two hundred dollars an acre—a very low average profit for this year—these acres would yield an annual income of six millions of dollars a year! To bring water on this land would be easy, for a flood runs to waste down the Santa Monica cañon every winter, which could be stored.

Think what an impetus the settlement of this vast area of fertile land would give to Los Angeles! With five or six millions of dollars more thrown annually into circulation, we could boast of a perennial boom. Our city could take a fresh start, on a healthy foundation, with the country a little ahead of it, as it should be. It seems remarkable that the owners of these great ranches do not divide them, for their own interest, if not for that of the people. Not divide them into 25-foot lots, but into five, ten and 20-acre tracts, upon which the purchasers could make a living and support their families. There appears, unfortunately, little prospect of any such move being made in the near future. Traveling east from Santa Monica, for a space of eight miles, the traveler crosses only three ranches, and passes scarcely more houses. As long as this state of things prevails, Los Angeles can never make her proper growth. Perhaps the establishment of irrigation districts, under the Wright law, might assist the owners of these great ranches to consent to their development.

WOLFLEY.

A Washington correspondent furnishes the inside facts regarding the retirement of Gov. Wolfley of Arizona. It appears that Mr. Wolfley—who, by the way, is a cousin of Secretary Blaine and Senator Sherman—was one of the strongest opponents of Major Powell's plans, in relation to the arid lands controversy. He was so heartily in earnest in his opposition to some features of the proposed arid lands legislation that he sat down in his gubernatorial chair and wrote letters to Secretary Noble. In these letters he forgot for the time that he was addressing his official superior and he did not hesitate, not only to criticize Maj. Powell with a wild Western freedom, but the Interior Department came in for a share of his denunciations. All these letters were filed away and when, a short time ago, Secretary Noble ordered the Governor to report to him at once in Washington, they were brought out, and led to a request for Mr. Wolfley's resignation. It may be added that Mr. Wolfley had rendered himself very obnoxious to a majority of his own party in the Territory, and his removal was hailed with delight.

It is only about a year since the almost bankrupt condition of the Santa Fé road necessitated a complete reorganization of the company. It had ceased to pay dividends, and the expenses swallowed up the earnings. During the past twelve months, the road has recovered lost ground in a manner which is nothing short of marvelous. In 1888, the net earnings were \$6,269,788. During the year closing with last month the net earnings

have been \$8,168,380, and the first half of the present year has improved upon the corresponding period of last year 77 per cent. Interest at the rate of 24 per cent. was declared earned and payable for the period ending June 30th of this year. Southern Californians will rejoice to learn that a company which has done so much to develop the resources of this section, has entered upon a career of renewed prosperity.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The outlook for the successful completion of the Nicaragua Canal appears very bright. Hon. Warner Miller, the new president of the company, is devoting his active personal attention to the great undertaking and is very sanguine. The company has acquired the great fleet of American dredges which did the bulk of the effective work at Panama. It is estimated that it will require six years' time to finish the canal. The minimum depth of water will be thirty feet, and will carry ships of any burden. While the distance across the isthmus is 120 miles, there will be less than twenty-eight miles of actual canal. The rest is free navigation, either in the river or the lake, so that ships will be able to go at practically full speed for nearly the whole distance across. On the basis of \$2.50 a mile, Mr. Miller estimates a revenue of \$17,500,000 per annum, which, allowing \$1,500,000 for operating expenses—the rate at the Suez Canal—would yield five per cent. on \$25,000,000, while the cost of the canal is estimated at only \$50,000,000.

Our Democratic friends who are counting on a municipal and county victory because there have been some black sheep among the Republican officials should not be too previous. Because some of the officials chosen at the last election, who happened to be Republicans, have been found wanting, it does not by any means follow that the proper remedy is to choose Democrats this fall. When a horticulturalist finds that some of his peach trees produce a worthless grade of fruit he does not generally pull them up and plant turnips, but replaces them with a better variety of the same tree. What we want to do is not to fly to the Democracy for relief, as the remedy would probably be worse than the disease, but to nominate good Republicans, of whom there are plenty to be had.

SECRETARY WINDOM appeared at the Sub-Treasury in New York yesterday, and after a conference and exchange of views with leading bankers, he announced that he would take every possible step to relieve the present financial stringency. He believed the Secretary will do his best to purchase a large amount of government bonds. Money placed easily in Wall street is being loaned.

THE cholera has appeared in Ohio.

LAY SERMONS.

There are times when the cares and burdens of life press heavily upon us all; when we feel lonely, depressed and heartless, and everything earthly is altogether unsatisfactory. What would the tossed and troubled soul do if at such times it could not look away to the life where Christ is, and of which it can say: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

O hope of life when we shall "know as we are known," and into the lonely and sorrowful heart shall be poured the infinite fullness of everlasting life! When not an immortal longing of the soul but shall be answered, not a hope but shall be fulfilled!

Why can we not look upon this little day of time in its relationship to eternity, and measure its worth by the standard of eternal years?

The world is fair and full of beauty. The splendor of its sunrise and the gold of its sunsets are oft repeated. The melody of bird songs is as undying as the melody of running streams. The glorious beauty of valley and upland fills our eyes; the majesty of mountains is like a prophecy of power. The sea breaking eternally upon our shores tells of unchanging law; and the effulgent sunlight is voice of eternal goodness. All these proclaim that God is here, invisible though we be to our earthly eyes. Here we "see as through a glass darkly," but O blessed thought, the time is coming when we shall see "face to face."

As we gaze on the tossing billows; upon uplifted mountain heights; upon green and billowy plains, and rejoice in the flooding sunshine, even if our hearts are solitary, how do these things whisper to us of the glorious day coming when "we shall be satisfied;" when love as boundless as the mighty ocean shall flow into and flood our spiritual lives, when the Omnipotent Power that weighs the mighty hills in His balances, shall hold and shield us from all evil, and when the same hand that spread out our smiling meadows and dewy uplands, shall lead us "in green pastures and beside still waters;" when our souls shall be flooded with gladness as the fair earth is flooded with summer sunshine.

O soul, weary and heavy laden, look up! O heart sitting solitary, the heart of Thy Redeemer is warm toward thee. O ear, to whom the words of tenderness are strange, hear the voice of the Infinite, saying, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." O eye, bending above the graves of loved ones, list to the utterance: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "I am the resurrection and the life." "He that believeth in me shall not see death." O glad eternal morning without shadow and without end! O day of infinite and everlasting love! I shall be satisfied when I awake in "Thy likeness." And with the hopes before us shall we faint by the wayside? Shall we fix our eyes upon the momentary space of time while the long, limitless years of being stretch out before us in the Border Land?

O soul of mine, "earth has no sorrow

which heaven cannot heal." Lift up thine eyes then and rejoice. "Watchman what of the night?" "The night will soon be over; lo the morning cometh!" Its light is breaking even now upon the hillsides of peace. From the mountains of Faith the shadows have fled. Yonder lies the Border land where the angels of Hope walk and the redeemed are filled with gladness. We catch the whisper of their voices; "and there shall be no more death, neither any more pain, for sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and there shall be no place for them."

O cares of earth, ye are as nothing when weighed in the balances with eternal joy! O shadows of earthly pain, ye cannot darken the eternal morning! O mountain heights of holy trust and faith! "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help! My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer my feet to be moved. Behold He who keepeth Israel shall not slumber nor sleep." Then through this little night of time let us walk in confidence, never despairing. Like the rainbow, upon the darkest stormcloud does the light of God's unfailing promises shine. There is no night so dark that His love may not illumine it till it shall shine forth like the glory of the morning. If sorrow betide thee, "His hand is stretched out still," and like an angel's whisper cometh the comforting assurance, "The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth," and He is "in all and over all, God blessed forever."

"With all the powers of earth and heaven, and all the powers of hell, will He not prevail against us?"

THE IRRIGATORS.

WHAT THE TULARE CONVENTION HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

A State Organization Formed Which Will Support the Wright Law and Maximize Political Fruits.

By Telegraph to The Times.

TULARE, Sept. 12.—[By the Associated Press.] The convention of irrigation district officers, which assembled at Tulare yesterday, concluded its labors today, and the delegates leave for home tonight. The session has been extremely interesting throughout and completely successful. A permanent association of irrigation districts was formed, with J. W. Nance of San Bernardino county as president, E. Dewitt of Tulare county, and J. Pillsbury of Tulare secretary, and the Tulare County Bank treasurer. A board of five trustees, consisting of J. W. Nance of Tulare district, J. F. Wilson of Big Dry Creek district, Los Angeles county, and H. T. Maron of Maricopa district, San Diego county, was chosen to transact the association's business when the association is not in session. Bylaws were adopted by the machinery provided for conducting the business of the association.

There are times when the cares and burdens of life press heavily upon us all; when we feel lonely, depressed and heartless, and everything earthly is altogether unsatisfactory. What would the tossed and troubled soul do if at such times it could not look away to the life where Christ is, and of which it can say: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

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THE EASTERN FLOODS.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Advice from all along the Allegheny and in the northern districts show that the high waters are subsiding, though not without considerable damage having been inflicted. A water spout in Akron, O., last night struck the hill streets, badly washed, and the loss on property here will be so large that a special meeting of the City Council has been called to devise means of repairing the extraordinary damage.

OSWEGO (N. Y.), Sept. 13.—Great damage was done by floods in the eastern part of Oswego county. Forty road bridges are gone, and washouts have occurred, and the village of Pulaski is under water.

AMSTERDAM (N. Y.), Sept. 13.—For five consecutive days it has been raining in the Mohawk Valley. Both Schoharie Creek and the Mohawk River have overflowed their banks and the water is still rising.

An Embezzling Broker. CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—Warrants were sworn out this morning for the arrest of Lorine R. Loomis, a young stock broker, who has disappeared, and who, it is alleged, has taken \$20,000 of his customers' money.

It is stated that Loomis had about \$30,000 on deposit in a bank, probably \$20,000 of which belonged to his customers. Just before the closing hour on Thursday, Loomis went to the bank and withdrew the whole amount. Loomis is about 35 years old and unmarried.

William S. Moss, the missing son of a Stockton millionaire, was found yesterday wandering about New York City.

AVERTING A PANIC.

The Money Stringency in New York City.

Secretary Windom in Consultation With Leading Bankers.

The President's Anxiety to Prevent a Financial Crisis.

The Operation of the McKinley Bill May be Postponed and the Government Will Purchase More Bonds.

By Telegraph to The Times.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Secretary Windom arrived at the Sub-Treasury at noon. Notices were at once sent out to the leading bankers to attend a conference and exchange views with him. The conference session lasted two hours. At its close, Windom stated that he had not decided what action he would take, but would announce his plan in the evening. He said the suggestion had been made to deposit Government funds in national banks, but had been rejected. He is in favor of extending the time for paying duties on goods now on hand until February. "I will take every possible step," said he, "to relieve the present stringency." He believes he has ample resources to effect his purpose. It is the general idea that he will decide to purchase a large amount of Government bonds.

Referring to the conference of Secretary Windom and the financiers an evening paper says:

The question of putting Government money on deposit in national banks was brought up. Secretary Windom reiterated the position of the Government, and emphatically declared that such a course of proceeding was impossible. In regard to the proposition of the Government to issue a year's interest on \$55,000,000 currency notes, Secretary Windom stated that Congress would have to authorize it. A proposition to suspend the payment of customs duties from November 1st to February 1st, Secretary Windom said the present difficulty in the money market he believed to be one that extended all over the country and was not confined to Wall street or even New York. He said it would require a great deal of careful consideration to settle the best method of relieving the stringency, and for that reason nothing would be done hastily.

In regard to the score, based upon belief that a large amount of money, according to many, has been in conference with the President, Secretary Windom said that this amount is overstated, for the custom house authorities have estimated that the amount of duty payable on goods now in bond does not amount to more than \$10,000,000; in the second place, if those goods are withdrawn in large amounts, and then the market it will have a tendency to check imports and the amount of revenue received will be less than anticipated.

It is suggested, in my opinion, for Congress to extend the time within which goods now in bond could be withdrawn. This would tend to relieve the market but in any aspect of the case I do not think there is any ground for serious alarm.

S. V. White went to Washington last night and has been in conference with members of the Senate Finance and House Ways and Means Committees. He said:

There is no doubt that the time for withdrawal of goods in bond will be extended. The Treasury is doing everything possible for the relief of the money market and will continue to afford all the relief which may be found necessary. It is stated that during previous one this season. Nearly all the currency shipped west from New York and New England, and the movement of gold, \$400,000 going to San Francisco.

Secretary Windom made a statement tonight regarding the amount of money tied up in the Treasury. He said:

Comparisons have recently been made of the surplus now reported in the Treasury with the amount reported at the close of the year 1889, and it is stated that the present administration has pursued a policy tending toward contraction. In this connection the statement is made that the Treasury will show the fallacy of this belief.

The amount of net cash, fractional silver and national bank redemption fund in the Treasury on the 1st of September, 1890, was \$141,000,000. The amount of the same items on September 10, 1890, was \$141,000,000. The amount of the same items on September 11, 1890, was \$141,000,000. The amount of the same items on September 12, 1890, was \$141,000,000. The amount of the same items on September 13, 1890, was \$141,000,000.

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THE COURTS.

The Chadwick Forgery Trial Continued.

MRS. BIGELOW DEFEATED.

Judge Shaw's Decision Sustained by the Supreme Court—Dull Day in Department One—New Cases.

The trial of J. S. Chadwick, charged with forging the name of E. T. Wright to a note of \$110 was continued yesterday in Department One, before Judge Cheney.

Mr. Horton, the first witness in the morning, testified to Chadwick's ignorance relative to a certain \$75 check which had been cashed by him (Horton) and used to settle a debt of Damon's.

Cashier Bosbyshell of the Southern National Bank testified to the fact of Chadwick's having been considerable business with the bank in times past. He also testified that he had heard Chadwick's reputation for honesty questioned on various occasions, and personally did not consider his reputation good.

F. C. Howes of the Los Angeles National Bank testified relative to a \$200 note of Chadwick's in his bank, which had been taken up since the trouble about the forgery commenced. Elias Bennett and others testified to Chadwick's good reputation for honesty, etc.

In the afternoon the defendant took the stand and was under examination until after 4 o'clock, substantially repeating his evidence at the preliminary examination.

MRS. BIGELOW'S CASE.

A Decision Against Her by the Supreme Court.

A decision has been handed down from the Supreme Court, confirming the decision of Judge Shaw in Department Five, on June 4, 1889, in the case of L. M. Bigelow against the city of Los Angeles. It will be remembered that this decision was the one which virtually permitted the completion of the cable railway system in this city, and which, both on account of the large interests involved and the lady's reputation as a litigant, and in the present case she made a hard fight. She owns considerable property in Los Angeles, and made a fortune when she sold the Santa Fe tract to the Santa Fe Railroad Company. When the city began the erection, together with the cable company, of the bridges across the river at Downey avenue and at First street, Mrs. Bigelow objected to the First-street bridge because of the damage its construction would operate upon the Bigelow house, a two-story brick structure at the corner of Center and First streets. The approaches to the bridge were to be built directly in front of Mrs. Bigelow's building. The plans necessarily involved the destruction of the Bigelow house, and the city was ordered to award compensation to Mrs. Bigelow. The Council proposed arbitration. She consented. She named one of the arbitrators. They awarded her \$4000 damages. She declined the award and began to litigate. First she applied to Judge Cheney for an injunction. It was granted, but subsequently demurred out of court. Then she sought a similar relief from Judge Shaw. This injunction was also dissolved on motion of City Attorney McFarland. Her next step was to avail herself of her status as an alien and apply to the United States Court for an injunction. A plea in bar to the effect that the bridge which the State courts for relief was sustained, and Mrs. Bigelow's complaint was dismissed. Her appeal from Judge Shaw's decision had been carried to the State Supreme Court and it is this appeal that the city has just resulted in her final overthrow.

COURT NOTES.

The Azusa Villages—The Total Decision Reversed—Miscellaneous.

In Department Five, Judge Shaw, in the habeas corpus case of O. P. Cummings et al. the Azusa tar-and-feather party, took the matter under advisement until Monday. In the case of Remington vs. Fairfield judgment was given for plaintiff with damages to the amount of \$245.30.

In Department One, Cheney, Judge: People vs. James M. Napper; plea of not guilty entered.

In Department Two, Clark, Judge: Woodward vs. Forman, decree granted for plaintiff with costs, and awarding Gardner vs. Sholder, judgment for defendant; Mary Jane Wilson, decree granted as prayed for.

In Department Four, Van Dyke, Judge: Simeon vs. Justice, judgment for \$50 for plaintiff.

The Supreme Court has reversed the judgment of Department Six of the Superior Court in the Frank Tol case. The day was consumed in Judge Savage's court in securing a jury to try J. Jones for attempting to prevent Thomas King testifying in the Wyse case some time since.

NEW CASES.

Papers Filed With the County Clerk Yesterday.

Percy R. Wilson sues Silas I. Mayo et al. on foreclosure of mortgage for \$3,011.25, interest and attorney's fees.

Frank P. Frey and George Rohrer sue H. M. Loud for \$4380 and interest, on an agreement for the sale of real estate.

S. D. Rosenbaum sues W. Gilbert for \$2085 and interest on an agreement for the sale of real estate.

James D. Eckles applies to be discharged from the official bond of S. Allison, a director of the Vineland Irrigation District.

R. O. Williamson makes a similar application relative to I. N. Rhodes, another director of the Vineland Irrigation District.

Juan Dubaile petitions for letters of administration on the estate of Jean Dubaile, deceased.

Domitola McCreary sues Hardie Hartell to quiet the title to certain real estate.

Profitable Fruit Growing.

A. E. Bonille of Lamanda Park has a fruit farm of 60 acres, 25 of which are in bearing. His 750 apricot trees, 8

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See wine for sale under miscellaneous head.

But little business was transacted in the Police Court yesterday, the Justices virtually having a holiday.

Rev. W. A. Knight is to give an address at the evangelistic meeting for men only at the Y. M. C. A. today.

Grand open-air Band Concert at Redondo today. Special trains over the Southern California Railway, Santa Fe Route.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimick and Miss Chase, the victims of the railroad accident near Boston, are rapidly recovering.

There will be a meeting of the Ladies' Annex of the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union office for Dennis Clifford, W. D. Houston and Mrs. H. T. Hoemer.

District Attorney Frank P. Kelly, who has been quite sick for some days past, is convalescing, and is now in a fair way to recovery.

M. J. Murphy, a baritone singer of repute, and now manager for the dramatic star Hubert Wilkie, will sing in the Cathedral this evening at 8 o'clock. Chief Glass has valuable information for Richard Steinmann, a confectioner, born in Sandershausen, Germany, and last heard from in this vicinity in November, 1889.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Postal Telegraph Office, No. 125 West First street, for Andrew Teas and Mr. Vogelsang, and at the East Los Angeles office for Lota Gitt.

James Lacy was yesterday fined \$5 for interfering with the Pound-master's assistant. The dog-catcher, lassoed a dog belonging to Lacy's children, when that gentleman cut the rope and released the canine.

City Auditor Lopez was called to Tehachapi Friday evening by the dangerous illness of his father, and will be absent for several days. In the meantime no action will be taken on the librarian's \$250 demand.

Mayor Hazard will return home tomorrow. He stopped over at Visalia to take part in the Republican demonstration at that place last evening, his friends insisting that he should remain and be one of the speakers.

Rev. A. C. Smith, the new pastor of the Temple-street Christian Church, has arrived in the city, and will at once enter on the discharge of his duties. Mr. Smith is a very highly recommended, and was formerly State evangelist of Mississippi.

Last evening Mrs. Jilson called at THE TIMES office to say that the boy who was arrested for stealing was not her son, but a boy named Frank O'Donnell, who gave her son's name at the Police Station. She said that this was the second time the O'Donnell boy had played the same trick.

The cars that are being loaded at San Diego for the permanent exhibit at Chicago will not go East until Los Angeles is ready to send her exhibit. The cars will go to Santa Ana for the Orange county exhibit and then come to Los Angeles, where they will be filled up and sent on to Chicago.

The Rev. J. C. Fletcher, the well-known author and archeologist, has volunteered a lecture for the benefit of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Angeleno Heights, to be given at Temperance Temple next Tuesday evening. In connection with the lecture there will be some appropriate music, under direction of Mrs. Frank Thayer.

Nothing has been heard from Phil Del, the "boss" hackman who left the city suddenly, forgetting to pay his bills. Mr. Del is said to have been from whom Del leased his carriages and horses, says he does not think he will lose more than \$100 or \$200. He says he does not think Del intended to swindle anybody, but that times were hard and he could not meet his bills.

A sample of the water furnished by the Citizens' Water Company, drawn at the St. Angelo Hotel, on Grand avenue, was received at THE TIMES office last night. The sample is very satisfactory to distinguish the animalcules, the bottle resembling a densely populated miniature aquarium, one of the "things" swimming about looking very much like a little sea serpent, being fully half an inch long.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

THE MAKE-ROOM SALE WILL CONTINUE ANOTHER WEEK.

Evidence That the People Appreciate Genuine Bargains—Cuts Made Deeper Than Ever.

PEOPLE'S STORE, Sunday, Sept. 14, 1890.

We started in last week to make room for our new goods, which are daily arriving; so far we have succeeded far beyond our expectation. People nowadays appreciate a genuine bargain such as we offer, and will continue this week, the only difference being that we are making deeper cuts. You can easily see for yourselves by reading our list that when we say a thing we are thoroughly in earnest and mean it. Our list comprises some of the choicest bargains ever seen, and when you read the price you will be astonished at how low we are selling. They must go, and we take this means of closing them out. It is room we need, our every endeavor is being bent to accomplish that end. Prices cut, no figure at all.

Clothing Department.

Men's unbleached, or fancy Socks 5c, regular price 12½c.

Fancy China silk Windsor Scarfs 12½c, very handsome and worth 25c.

Men's baibragan Underwear 30c each, extra long and down from 65c.

Men's heavy cotton Night Robes 55c, extra long and worth 75c.

Men's finest quality Underwear 75c, an elegant line of gray lisle thread or fast brown baibragan, the greatest bargain ever offered over, and more serviceable than any.

Men's long Linen Dusters \$1.25, just the thing for driving and worth \$2.

Boys' Suits \$1.75, an entirely new line; you can see them in our window.

The greatest suits for the money ever made; we have had a great rush for them already; elegant, and worth \$2.50.

Men's gray Suits \$4.75, an elegant durable sack suit, made of the most durable goods, very genteel, good color and worth \$9.

Men's gray Dress Suits \$7.75, a beautiful mixture of graded wool, made in the latest style, a perfect fit, and one which will give the greatest satisfaction both in appearance and wear; don't neglect this opportunity, as every suit is at the lowest calculation \$13.00.

Hat Department.

Men's straw Hats 25c. Nothing better for head wear these warm days than a light-weight soft finished straw. This lot bears them all, and worth \$1.00.

Boys' school Caps 40c, a fine blue cloth with leather lining and leather vicer, water proof cover, and more serviceable than any dollar hat in the market.

Men's tourist Hat \$1.40, the popular leader in a soft felt dress hat, hand finished, satin trimmings, comes either in blue or tan, and a hat that is well worth \$2.50.

Shoe Department.

The bargains we offer for tomorrow are something astonishing.

We will buy a child's grained dongola spring heel shoe in sizes 5 to 8. This is a perfect beauty, an elegant wearer, very neat and easy, and worth \$1.00.

\$1.40 will buy a child's fine soft finish curacao shoe, either with heel or spring heel in sizes 13 to 3. One of the handsomest shoes you have ever seen, fits like a glove, can be worn either for best or ordinary wear. The leather has been carefully selected and for wear cannot be beat, sold all over at \$2.25.

\$1.10 will buy a child's French dongola kid button shoe, with spring heel, in sizes 3 to 11, a perfect little beauty, it has no equal either in fit or wear, and a shoe which we feel sure when you see it cannot help delighting you.

\$1.57 will buy a ladies' dongola kid shoe, made with half flexible soles, common sense or opera lasts, a shoe which can easily be worn for dress or being made of the finest leather, and at the same time will prove very serviceable.

\$2.95 will buy a pair of Men's fine shoes, an extra light weight, will do splendidly for full dress but still very strong and durable, a shoe which cannot help pleasing and one which we can thoroughly recommend; it will certainly pay you to examine them and see the great bargain we are giving you; it cannot be duplicated anywhere under \$5.

Dress Goods Department.

We are offering extraordinary bargains in this department for tomorrow; it is not often you get such an opportunity so do not fail to avail yourself of this opportunity.

At 5c we offer you an elegant line of Dress Goods, the equal of which has never been seen. The run on these goods has been astonishing, there are not many of them left so if you want any of them come in time, every yard worth 15c.

At 30c we open an elegant line of all wool Cashmeres 40 inches wide, in every conceivable shade. These are new goods and cannot help pleasing you, they make up very richly and worth 50c a yard.

At \$1.25 we offer 10 yards of double fold beige Sulting. This line will certainly create a sensation, they are in very handsome patterns and colorings, wear elegantly and cannot be duplicated under 25c a yard.

At 50c we offer a handsome line of 43-inch black Shetland goods which are always popular both for wear and service; they are hard to wear out and always look dressy; their real value is 85c.

\$2.95 will buy an exquisite line of colored Satins. These goods are very popular; we will show a nice line of colors in them and you would consider them cheap 1.00c.

At 90c we will offer the grandest line of Broaded Surahs you have ever seen, the richest of material, the most exquisite patterns; it will be impossible to resist them, every yard worth \$1.75.

Domestic Department.

Apron checked Gingham 5c a yard, good and serviceable and worth 8c.

Linen kitchen Towels 45c a yard, every yard of this worth 8c.

Dress Prints in line coloring 55c, exceedingly pretty and worth 8c.

Notched twilled Fannel 25c a yard, just the thing for drapery and worth 30c.

Cream tennie Flannel 75c a yard, very dressy and worth 90c.

Best American Cheviots 75c, elegant goods and worth 90c.

Fine zephyr bordered Gingham 85c, very nicely and worth 125c.

Plain Mull 85c, in assorted patterns and worth 100c.

All wool red Flannel 125c a yard, a good quality and worth 20c.

Linen damask Towels 125c, knotted fringes and worth 25c.

French Satens 15c, a full assortment and worth 30c.

Unbleached Turkish bath Towels 10c, very good size and worth 35c.

Notched twilled Fannel 25c a yard, very good and worth 45c.

Underwear Department.

Ladies' real Lisle Vests 30c, made with low neck and handsomely stitched with silk.

Ladies' muslin Chemise 40c, neatly trimmed, made of the best cotton and worth 65c.

Ladies' muslin Drawers 45c; these are extremely neat and worth 65c.

Ladies' muslin Gowns 85c, well made of fine muslin and handsomely trimmed and worth 95c.

Ladies' muslin Corset Covers 45c; these are made for service and will give you great satisfaction and worth 65c.

Lace Department.

Nottingham lace Ties 15c each, 5/8 square, very handsome and worth 30c.

Fancy Hercules Braid 3c a yard, the cheapest in the world and worth 15c.

Black French Lace 10c a yard, 2 3/4 inches wide and the finest patterns you ever saw and actually worth 45c a yard.

Black silk Fringe 30c a yard, 6 inches deep, the handsomest trimming ever made and worth 81c.

Hosiery Department.

Ladies' fancy striped Hose 5c a pair; you will find these very good and exceedingly pretty and worth 15c.

Boys' bicycle Hose 125c, an elegant wearing hose, good and strong, elegant for school wear and worth 35c.

Ladies' last black Hose 10c a pair, a line which we have just received and were bought to sell for 30c.

Misses' full finished Hose 10c a pair, in both black and colors, will give the best of satisfaction and worth 30c.

Glove Department.

Ladies' black silk Mitts 50c, an elegant quality and worth 75c.

Superior mousquetaire Gloves 50c, in elegant shades of gray, 8-button length and worth \$1.25.

Kid Glove \$1.10, good for garden use and worth \$1.50.

Children's taffeta silk Jersey Gloves 10c a pair, in all colors and worth 25c.

Handkerchief Department.

Ladies' hemstitched Handkerchiefs 5c, in white or colored and worth 15c.

Ladies' colored hemstitched Handkerchiefs 10c, a nice quality and worth 35c.

Ladies' colored embroidered Handkerchiefs 15c, very handsome and worth 40c.

Gents' corded bordered Handkerchiefs 15c, one which we have always been selling for 30c.

Parasol Department.

We will inaugurate tomorrow a grand clearing out sale in this department.

Ladies' Jersey silk Parasols \$1.25, an exquisite material in all shades, made good and strong; we have always sold them at \$2.25.

Silk Pongee Parasols \$1.50, made with several deep, nicely lined very serviceable and would be cheap at \$2.50.

Ladies' black silk Parasols \$1.65, very handsome, good in the year round, the best quality of silk and cheap at \$2.50.

Figured silk Parasols \$1.40, exceedingly pretty as well as serviceable, one which cannot fail to please you and marked down from \$2.25.

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Figured silk Parasols \$1.40, exceedingly pretty as well as serviceable, one which cannot fail to please you and marked down from \$2.25.

Notion Department.

Hair Crimpers 25c a bunch, worth 5c.

Marking Cotton 5c a bunch, worth 10c.

Black Rubber Band 5c a bunch, worth 10c.

Straight Corn Sticks 5c a pair, worth 10c.

Oil cloth Bibbs 8c for 5c, worth 5c each.

Tracing Wheels 10c each, worth 25c.

Dress Shields 5c a pair, worth 10c.

Satin Ribbon No. 12 15c a yard, pure silk, all colors and shades, and worth 25c.

Lace edge Towel Ring 15c a box; very handsome and worth 30c.

Drug Department.

Tube Vaseline 5c each, worth 15c.

Bird seed, 5 packages for 25c, worth 15c each.

Hoy's Cough Syrup 10c a pint, worth 25c.

Epsom Salts 10c a package, worth 25c.

Hoy's Cologne 10c a bottle, worth 25c.

Cocoa Castile Soap 5c a cake, worth 10c.

Carter's Little Liver Pills 15c a bottle, worth 30c.

Hamburg Tea 17c a package, worth 25c.

Russian Bustle Brushes 25c each, worth 40c.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla 85c a bottle, worth \$1.00.

Warner's Safe Cure 90c a bottle, worth \$1.00.

People's Store Chemical Olive Laundry Soap, 10 bars for 25c.

Stationery Department.

25 best white Envelopes 5c, worth 15c.

Best black Ink 5c a bottle, worth 15c.

Colored Eye Glasses 10c each, worth 25c.

Rubber-tipped Lead Pencils 10c a dozen, worth 25c.

60 sheets Writing Paper 10c, worth 25c.

Ladies' Pen Knives 10c, worth 25c.

School Slates 15c, worth 25c.

Eye Shades 15c, worth 25c.

A. HAMBURGER & SONS.

St. Hilda's Hall, Glendale.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Will Re-open September 10th.

Faculty increased. Terms Reduced. Thorough instruction in all Departments—Primary, Collegiate, Business. Especially strong—Musical Faculty.

Circulars at bookstores and at Room 35, California Bank Building. Address: Rev. J. D. RASTER, D. D., Mason P. O.

MISS LAKE'S SCHOOL.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. 1824 Butler St., cor. Octavia, San Francisco, Cal. Admirable location, new building, equipped with all modern conveniences, including bath, and complete furniture. For circulars and all particulars address the principal, Miss E. Lake.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR.

Has just received an immense stock of Fall and Winter Wools, and is making Suits to order at 40 per cent less than any other Tailor on the Pacific Coast.

Elegant English Serge and Cheviot Suits, to order, from \$25 to \$35.

Fine Dress English Worsteds Suits, to order, from \$30 to \$40.

Fine French Beaver and Figue Suits, to order, from \$35 to \$45.

French Cashmeres Suits, to order, from \$25 to \$35.

Overcoats, the Silk Lining.

And other garments in proportion. Perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed or no sale. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free to any address, on application to

JOE POHEIM, The Tailor, 141 & 143 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

THIS IS NOT OUR WAY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Dr. P. STEINHART.

A Speedy Cure Warranted.

DR. BELL'S GERMAN EXTRACT

cures all private syphilis, chronic, urinary, skin and blood diseases. Female complaints, and all such diseases as are brought about by indigestion, St. Dr. Bell's French

Wash cures all private diseases, blood poison, old sores and ulcers. 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 200, 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1200, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 3500, 4000, 4500, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 12000, 15000, 20000, 25000, 30000, 35000, 40000, 45000, 50000, 60000, 70000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 120000, 150000, 200000, 250000, 300000, 350000, 400000, 450000, 500000, 600000, 700000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1200000, 1500000, 2000000, 2500000, 3000000, 3500000, 4000000, 4500000, 5000000, 6000000, 7000000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 12000000, 15000000, 20000000, 25000000, 30000000, 35000000, 40000000, 45000000, 50000000, 60000000, 70000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 120000000, 150000000, 200000000, 250000000, 300000000, 350000000, 400000000, 450000000, 500000000, 600000000, 700000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1200000000, 1500000000, 2000000000, 2500000000, 3000000000, 3500000000, 4000000000, 4500000000, 5000000000, 6000000000, 7000000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 12000000000, 15000000000, 20000000000, 25000000000, 30000000000, 35000000000, 40000000000, 45000000000, 50000000000, 60000000000, 70000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 120000000000, 150000000000, 200000000000, 250000000000, 300000000000, 350000000000, 400000000000, 450000000000, 500000000000, 600000000000, 700000000000, 800000000000, 900000000000, 1000000000000, 1200000000000, 1500000000000, 2000000000000, 2500000000000, 3000000000000, 3500000000000, 4000000000000, 4500000000000, 5000000000000, 6000000000000, 7000000000000, 80000

IN AULD EDINBURGH.

JOHN SWINTON VISITS THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The People and Their Ways of Life—Scenes of Romance, Tradition and Interest—Industrial Aspects of the City.

[COPYRIGHT 1890—FOR THE TIMES.] EDINBURGH (Scotland), Aug. 12.—[Special Correspondence.] There is an air of Americans in Edinburgh this summer, enjoying the atmosphere and sunshine of this beautiful city, promenading or sauntering through its interesting old streets and its stylish new ones, observing its quaint and its classical architecture, visiting its scenes of historic interest and romantic tradition, looking up the haunts of its famous or memorable men, climbing the slopes of the three hills on which it is built, enjoying the many gardens and parks by which it is adorned, learning something of its great institutions of culture, admiring its picturesque features and rare beauty, and familiarizing themselves with the ways and life of its genial and intelligent people. From the time of its founding, long before the period of authentic history, and the time when its Castle Rock was held by the Roman legions, and when it was but a hamlet of mud and wattles, infested by the wild boar and the wolf, it has grown through the ages until now it is a city that attracts tourists from all parts of the globe. The American tourist, who becomes well acquainted with it, finds it worthy of its renown.

SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS. Viewed from the Castle-crowned rock, which rises in massive grandeur in the heart of the city, or from Calton Hill, which rises not far off, the spectacle of the city of Edinburgh is of surpassing and varied charm. Standing on Calton Hill, where you find sundry monuments and an observatory, you see the Crags and Arthur's Seat, with



Candle-makers' row (old town).

its lion's head; you see the gleaming waters of the Firth of Forth, over which that great cantilever bridge, which is the marvel of modern engineering has been built; you see the ancient Castle of Toward the West, and up aloft; you see domes, towers, steeples and monuments, hills and valleys, to your heart's content; and you obtain a superb view of the city, old and new. Still another picturesque view hardly less attractive, is found when you mount to the top of the Castle, from which you descry the Pentland hills and gaze upon scenes that captivate the imagination.

RENOUNDED FOR LEARNING. Edinburgh has been renowned for ages as a seat of learning. In the various departments of the great university, which was founded over three centuries ago, there are 3600 students. There are 2400 in the Technical College, and in an official report just made to the French government, the Heriot-Watt College is referred to as the type of what a technical institution ought to be. There is here an abundance of academies, normal and high schools, art schools, seminaries, scientific and theological institutions. There are also industrial colleges, reformatory schools and so on.

THE FINE ARTS. Here, also, is the gigantic Museum of Science and Art, freely open to everybody. Here is the still more gigantic Scottish Portrait Gallery (free). Here is the National Picture Gallery (free). Here is the very valuable Antiquarian Museum (free). Here is the Carnegie Free Library (referred to elsewhere). Here are the Botanical Gardens (free). Here and hereabout, in short, are other like institutions, many and of the highest order.

"MODERN ATHENS." Soon after the opening of this century there arose a genuine among certain pundits for Greek architecture in Edinburgh, and there have been erected a number of fabrics in imitation of others that glorified Greece in classic times. Among these, the Antiquarian Museum, the High School, the Physicians' Hall, in Queen street, the National Picture Gallery, the Bank of Scotland, the County Hall, and several imposing structures on Princess street, and the unfinished National Monument on Calton Hill (which is modeled after the Parthenon in Athens) are conspicuous examples. It is on this account, as well as on account of its school of learning, that Edinburgh has taken unto itself the title of the "Modern Athens," which it deserves, to say the least, as much as our own Boston. Even the prison, when viewed in front, when you behold its massive towers and columns, is an impressive and attractive spectacle, and that not only for architects.

POPULAR QUESTION. There is a notable range of intelligence among the populace of Edinburgh. In my rambles I have talked with all sorts of people, from the ragged to the genteel, from the tinker to the factor, from the clerk to the capitalist, from Tom to Harry, from the noodle to the wisecracker, and I have everywhere found an amount of gumption, love and pleasantness that has amazed me. This gumption and so forth may be due to the original traits of the Scotch people, to their wondrous experiences of any age, to their excellent training in the schools, to the influence of their host of learned men,

to the sermonizing of the shrewd clerics, to the universal study of the Bible and to the widespread reading of books of all kinds. About the latter I speak elsewhere, and the growth of it in these times is marvelous. LIQUOR-SHOPS, CHURCHES AND DAILY PAPERS. There are in this city of Edinburgh, with its 300,000 inhabitants (about one-fifth the population of New York), but two daily morning newspapers, while there are many places for the sale of liquor, and, including the port of Leith, 301 churches. Both of these newspapers are large sheets, each of them sold for a penny, and none of them published on Sunday. Of the liquor licenses, 42 are held by hotels, 418 by grocers' shops, and 309 by public houses (taverns). It is said that there are also a few shebeens, which, however, do but little business. In the High street and its continuations from the City Castle to Holyrood Palace, as well as in other streets inhabited by the miserables, there is much drunkenness, and on Saturday afternoons, the display of it in these quarters, the men and women is hideous to behold. Of the 201 churches, 130 are of the Presbyterian order, the rest are divided into three branches—the Established, the Free and the United—while the others are of various creeds, including six of the Catholic. Besides the services in these churches, there is a great deal of



Edinboro Castle.

preaching by hot-gospellers in the streets and in the fields adjacent to the city, and these gospellers, with their stigmata, and their forthright evening of week days as well as in the day-time of Sundays. Most of the churches are well filled on Sundays, and among them are not a few noble edifices, including the grandly-domed Cathedral of St. Giles, which was built in Catholic times, and in which John Knox preached between three and four centuries ago.

FAME AND GENIUS. Not in all the wide world beyond the bounds of Edinburgh is there a monument to any literary genius that approaches in grandeur or brilliancy the monument which stands here in the Princess-street Gardens in honor of the "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, poet and romancer, whose name is so familiar to every one. I felt proud to think that it was not in honor of any king or conqueror, but in honor of the author whose magic pen gave us the "Wizard of the North." The monument looks magnificent when seen at the dawn of day, or in the glory of the noon-time, or under the shadow of the gloaming, or by the moonshine. It is a perfect work of art, and the eye and the imagination. There are many other monuments or statues here in honor of other men of literature, science and philosophy. Here, but a few steps from the statue of the great man, is the exquisite statue of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," Allan Ramsay, and a gentle shepherd he seems to be as he stands here not far from the house in which he once dwelt, or from the little old shop in which he once sold books.

Here is the statue of Kit North, author of the "Tales of the Borders," who bears on his broad shoulders a sword like unto that of Jupiter Olympian, with a face unlike that of his portrait which hangs in the office of Blackwood's Magazine. Here in commemoration in Edinburgh are monuments or statues of Livingstone, the African explorer, of the eloquent Thomas Chalmers, of Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician, of Dr. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, of Napier, the inventor of logarithms, of James Watt, the steam engineer, of Adam Black, Dean Ramsay and many others, as well as of sundry royal and warlike personages; and it is now proposed to raise a statue of Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations." Here on the slope of Calton Hill is the circular and pillared monument in honor of the plowman poet, Scott's favorite bard, Robert Burns, whose songs are in everybody's heart here. Near by, in a quiet graveyard, is the mausoleum of David Hume, the historian, whose dwelling may be found in the canon gate, and an obelisk in memory of the "five political martyrs" of 1789. There are also many fine figures and monuments of notable men, and many graveyards of the city, and there are likewise unnumbered busts of scholars and thinkers in the galleries of sculpture. In short, Edinburgh is a city of monuments and statues, most of which do honor.

NO TIP-TOP GIANTS. Edinburgh has had many illustrious names on its rolls in other times—the names of men renowned in literature, science and philosophy; but I am not aware that it can now boast of any tip-top man in any line of knowledge or thought. There are plenty of able and erudite men in the institutions of learning and among the authors, essayists, etc., but this is all that can be said. The giants do not stalk about the streets at this time. When I was told that there were twenty poets now living in Edinburgh, I replied that I knew of a hundred in New York, and that this is but a tithe of the number in Chicago.

There are three men of other days whose stars shine with especial lustre in the Scottish horizon, and who live in the Scottish heart and life—John Knox, Robert Burns and Walter Scott. Of course, Robert Bruce and William Wallace are also names to conjure with.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE. In High street one sees the nondescript, quaintly gabled and shattered old stone house, which, over three centuries ago, was the abode of that grim and fiery religious revolutionist, John Knox, who was the chief agent in turning Scotland from Catholicism to Calvinism. In the same street may be seen the grand Cathedral of St. Giles, in which Knox preached, and from the pulpit of which, as is shown in a well-known picture, he thundered

in a way that shook the Cathedral, the palace, the castle, the whole city and the kingdom of Scotland. THE FOOT-PRINTS OF BOBBY BURNS. There is no difficulty in tracing the foot-prints of Burns in Edinburgh. Here is the house in which he used to hold his jinks with his friend Monboddo and in which he wrote: "A Man's Man for 'a' That." Here is the queer house in which he was chosen poet-laureate of a lodge of Free Masons; here is the tavern in which he spent many jovial hours; here are several places in which he had quarters at various times; and there are yet other spots in Edinburgh associated with his name.

FISH-WIVES AND KILTIES. One sees picturesque costumes in this city. Look at the stalwart fishwives marching through the streets with their heavy creels on their broad backs, and wearing woollen petticoats that give a good view of their solid shanks. Look now at the advocates in wig and gown, who are seen in the kilt, or at that marching band of youngsters therein. Look at the pipers playing their skirling and drooling bagpipes. Look at the killed regiment, the Cameron Highlanders, now stationed in the castle, and the members of which are always to be seen in the streets, proud of their bare show from knee to calf. Look at the gay dowers that decorate almost every breast in Princess street at this season of the year.

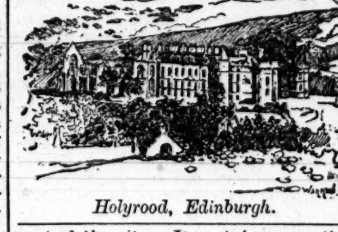
THE OLD SCOTCH DIALECT. The old Scotch dialect has still a very strong hold upon the folk at large. It is impossible for an American to understand it when it is broad, and it is very broad among the rustics. In Edinburgh itself one hears many words that are not in Webster's Dictionary, and even among people of the cultured stripe many words are pronounced in a way that sounds strange to the ear of an outsider. But you will give of a fervent desire to know the meaning of the words that are so foreign to you. The moving why they do it! And just as lamely can ye mark How far they have come.

PREACHERS. I have attended the services of a number of the churches of the various sects of Presbyterianism here. The sermons that I heard were dull, formal and winnowed. The preachers all looked dour and grim as they stood up in their black silk robes in their pulpits.

MEADOWS AND GARDENS. The beauty of Edinburgh is enhanced by the many gardens, parks and recreation grounds to be seen in the city itself and on the outskirts, from the Princess-street Gardens to the Meadows, the Links and so forth, the city is liberal in its expenditures for their maintenance.

DOWN A WYND. I found the home in which Scott lived before he built Abbotsford, and the homes or haunts of many other famous men. I found down a rocky wynd the house in which Boswell entertained Johnson, and next to which I found in a doleful house, the stone stairs of which are almost worn out by the generations that have trod them, a well-known university professor and botanist, Prof. Geddes, who lives in this font and impoverished locality in order that he may study the social question and the practical means of its solution.

THE NEW FREE LIBRARY. I have been interested in the superb edifice recently built here by the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, as a free public library, and which he had the good judgment to raise near an antique and impoverished



Holyrood, Edinburgh.

part of the city. It contains a reading room, a reference library, a lending library and a children's library. When I visited its various branches the other day, there was in one of them a bevy of folk of both sexes engaged in perusing magazines and other periodicals; there was in another an array of readers that filled almost every chair, studying books of all kinds; there was in another many book borrowers, who were coming and going all the time, while the children's quarters were so fully packed with boys and girls that a swarm of them had to be kept outside of the gate awaiting their time to get in, or they were being turned away from them by leaving. It was with surprise that I noticed the solid character of the books that many of the youngsters were poring over, and that others of them were taking home from the lending department.

Both old and young seemed to be serious readers, not a few of whom turned up when the doors are opened in the early forenoon and stay riveted in their chairs until the closing hour at nine. There are professional men among them, but the great majority are shopkeepers, clerks, tradesmen or artisans and other toilers. Between 2000 and 3000 volumes are given out daily from the lending library. The trend of thought in Scotland at this time may be seen from the fact that, aside from fiction, nearly 6000 of the books taken out during the last month were from the alcoves of "science and art," 5332 from the alcoves of "history, biography and travel," 1000 from the alcoves of "sociology," nearly 7000 from the alcoves of "philosophy, poetry and general literature," and only 1432 from the alcoves of "religion." These striking facts give an idea of the favorite themes of study among the populace of Edinburgh in these times. Is there any other city of the world which can show a like record?

There are other great libraries in Edinburgh, some of them centuries old, yet it would seem that the edifice built by our renowned Scotch-American millionaire, who has within the past few years given so many of his millions for the spread of knowledge, both in the United States and in Scotland, and who holds that "the man who dies rich dies disgraced," has been a boon to this antiquated city.

CHEAP LIVING. The domestic economies are very close here, as in other parts of Scotland, excepting among the aristocratic

and the rich. There is a great deal of scrimping among ordinary folks. The necessities of life are cheap; living is low and costs are not more than half as high as they are in New York. It seems to me that we Americans would do well to use oatmeal and peasmeal as freely as they are used here.

BUT FEW EVIL-DOERS. Edinburgh is a city that is remarkably free from crimes of a serious nature. I have here the official report of the chief constable for last year, in which all the criminal statistics are given. There were but two murders in the city during the year! The figures look formidable when I say that the arrests for the year were close upon seven thousand, or about four thousand males and three thousand females, but the vast majority of the offenses were of the petty order, as may be seen by the fact that, of the whole number of the persons arrested, only 340 were liable to the penalty of imprisonment, even for a short term. I have been greatly struck by the leniency of the courts here in imposing penalties for the lesser grades of offenses.

A week's or a fortnight's imprisonment is often thought sufficient for misdeeds that in New York would be accorded far severer punishment. When I spoke of the Prisoner of Peace, about the merciful disposition of the bench there, and told him of Col. Bob Ingersoll's discourse upon "Crimes Against Criminals," he said he had never heard of any such crimes here in these times. Unless one knows how the songs of Robert Burns have touched the heart, soul and life of the Scotch people, high and low, it will seem absurd to say that the whole number of the persons arrested, only 340 were liable to the penalty of imprisonment, even for a short term. I have been greatly struck by the leniency of the courts here in imposing penalties for the lesser grades of offenses.

THE PROVISION THAT IS MADE FOR THE elevation and improvement of the mind of the "working classes" takes many shapes, apart from school training. They are free to admit to scientific museums, at which there are always crowds of visitors, and also to the art galleries and libraries, of which they make good use. There are many parks and meadows for their recreation and games. There is often music by military or police bands, to which crowds are drawn.

There is a "Workingmen's Flower Show," now in full bloom. There are lectures always open to them, and the character of many of these lectures, as judged by the Daily Scotsman:

LECTURES ON BOTANY FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. THE KEEPER OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN will give FOUR LECTURES on PLANT LIFE in the Lecture Hall in the Gardens on SATURDAYS in August. The lectures will be open free to both men and women. FIRST LECTURE on SATURDAY, AUGUST 9. Subject—Fungi and their Uses.

CO-OPERATION. Not only is the philosophy of coöperation being studied here, but the practice of coöperation and profit-sharing is making rapid progress. It is mainly in the distributive line as yet, and only to a slight extent in the productive. At the Coöperative Congress held in Glasgow last May, figures of an astounding magnitude were reported as to the growth of distributive coöperation in Scotland, and the president of the Scottish Wholesale Society said that in these times "there is an inward throbbing energy in its favor all over the land." There are about a million members of coöperative societies in Great Britain, with a share capital of over \$50,000,000, and with heavy returns in the way of profit. It will not be long before the principle is more extensively applied to production than it has yet been. As to the coöperative building companies, which have been established here, I hear of the prosperity of several of them.

FACTORIES. Edinburgh is not a factory town. There are few factories of any kind within its bounds. The adjacent shipping port of Leith is lively and busy all the year round; but what you see there are not the least of crafts employed in the coasting trade.

FROM CASTLE TO PALACE. A few minutes of time will take the pedestrian from the splendor and fashion of Princess street to the squalor and misery of Cowgate and the Canongate. I strolled through them last evening in the long twilight. Princess street surpasses Broadway in its magnificence. Nearly all of it, the buildings are mainly on one side of the street, the other side being open gardens, and in the superb view you can enjoy from it of the bold and proud natural features of the locality and the lofty edifices in the distance. When I got into the Cowgate and thereabout, I found swarming masses of dehumanized humanity, ragged, haggard, degraded, and heart-breaking to look at. Not in Rome or any other of the Italian cities I have recently visited, nor even in London itself, did I see such pitrescent hordes as I saw there, and the worst parts of the East Side of New York can show nothing like them. 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WAXING THEIR BUSTS.

HOW FRENCH TAILORS MEASURE LADY CUSTOMERS.

Our Correspondent Tries the Process—Taking a Cast in Wax—An Interview With Monsieur Ledoux.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.] NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—(Special Correspondence.) The tailor-made girl has been the subject of romance and paragraph, until she has become the modiste of chaste, and yet nobody ever went to the trouble of telling the dear public how she is made.

I assure you it is a fearful and wonderful process. It is only a few years since the American girl took it into her head that a woman could not make a dress. The smooth, natty, comfortable suits of their brothers filled these feminine souls with consuming envy, and they began to say to one another: "Why can't we have tailor-made suits, too?"

Why, indeed! There seemed to be no very good reason, save that a dress, in order to fit, must needs be fitted, and how was it to be done?



She pronounces it fairly good.

A girl might, with perfect impunity, uncover neck and arms, yea, even bust and shoulders, and go into a crowd where 500 men might look at her; but to allow one poor solitary tailor to look at her in her corset-cover—why, it would never do in the world; of course not, such a thing was not to be thought of.

And so the dear creatures were, as John Stowman might have remarked, "much put to it," until an ingenious Frenchman stepped into the breach and devised ways and means that answer every objection.

The name of this benefactor is Francis X. Ledoux, and he had enough good business tact about him to protect his discovery with a patent.

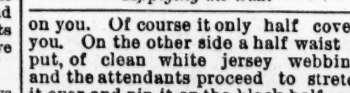
After I have told all about this unique plan of procedure, my feminine readers will not have the delightful uncertainty which I enjoyed in wondering what upon earth this or that was done for, and what would come next, it was all so novel.

In the first place you go to the tailor and tell him you want a dress. He says: "Very well, madam," without any question as to what sort of a dress it is to be, or the style of it. He measures you about the bust and waist, whips out a little book, saying, after a moment: "Madam, you may come next Monday at 11 o'clock, and your dress be prompt."

"But," you ask, "aren't you going to measure me any more than that, and don't you want to know—"

"That will all come later, madam," says monsieur, the tailor. And so you have to go without any chance to "talk it over," which is such a disappointment.

Well, when you get around the next Monday—you are taken into the back parlor, and two lady attendants divest you of your raiments, down to corset and undervest, and then, to your utter astonishment, an old soiled skirt is put on you. It seems at first like a piece of greasy, or something very like it, and your wonder grows when the half of a waist made of heavy black woolen cloth, and likewise greasy, is slipped



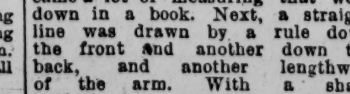
Applying the wax.

on you. Of course it only half covers you. On the other side a half waist is put of clean white jersey webbing, and the attendants proceed to stretch it over and pin it on the black half, and they stretch and pin until it is as smooth as your skin. I forgot to say that a high stiff linen collar is buttoned round the neck before this fitting process. When all is satisfactorily pinned, you sit down, and the tailor gets on their knees beside you, and proceed to sew you up. Every seam is closely sewed over and over. Then a piece of webbing is fitted over your arm in the same way, out to fit, and sewed up and sewed in. A collar of some stiff material is fitted and sewed on, and there you are half black and half white, like a prison convict, and the whole business sewed fast to you. At this stage the tailor is called in, and comes bringing a kettle of something that steams. You begin to feel a bit uneasy, but everybody looks harmless, so you keep still.

I could not forbear, however, asking what it was, when the steaming kettle, with a big brush in it, came my way. "That is melted wax," was all the explanation I got, and straightaway he began to plaster me with it. I advise everybody to whom this description is new to have this part done in cool weather, for I don't think hot wax would make a comfortable jacket in July.

Of course as soon as the wax cooled it was the hard and then began the measuring and marking. All the lines were drawn on the wax surface, until it looked like an outline map. Then came a lot of measuring that went down in a book. Next, a straight line was drawn by a rule down the front and another down the back, and another lengthwise of the arm. With a sharp knife the waxen armor was slit just where these lines were drawn, taken off and set upon the table, and there was me, or the upper half of me, done in wax.

The next thing was the dress. The



tailor came back, and instead of asking what I wanted, he began to tell me what I ought to have. Before he finished I decided that he knew exactly what he was talking about, and I abandoned entirely my former ideas and got what he told me. The result was a dress that is a joy forever. It is at once artistic and stylish, a perfect fit, and very easy. "Now," said the tailor, when the interview was over, "I can fit a thousand dresses for you if you wish, and you need try them on but once. This model will last as long as you remain the shape you are now."

I was curious to know what use was to be made of this wax image. "I cut it up," said Monsieur Ledoux, "for it was the inventor himself who made my tailor-gown." "Then I lay it down flat and cut a pattern of heavy paper."

"You see the wax that is put upon the cloth makes impossible for it to stretch or get out of shape in any way. If I were to fit a cloth pattern upon you tightly, when it was taken off it would spring back into shape and the pattern would be too small for me. But here is the exact line of your body and the shape is absolutely correct."

"Why is it that women cannot make dresses as well as men?" I asked the tailor.

"Because," he replied, "a woman pays too much attention to detail. She depends too much upon the effect of trimmings and drapery. Now, the only thing that follows the outline of the figure is a dress. A dress must be properly cut and then properly fitted; otherwise it is a failure. 'Anybody,' said Monsieur, with an expressive shrug and gesture, 'can put these things on a dress.'—indicating the collar and drapery, 'but no amount of work can ever give any style or any elegance to a garment that is badly cut.'"

"What do you think?" I asked, "of the no ion women have lately taken of going without corsets? Do you think a woman can have a really fine figure without a corset?"

"Well," replied Monsieur, with a smile, "a woman either has a fine figure or she hasn't. If she has, nothing—not even a badly fitting dress—can hide it; if it is there. And if she hasn't, all the corseting in the world, or any amount of padding, would be useless. We tailors can't make figures. The only thing that we can do is to try to hide the defects as far as possible. Now, if a lady comes to me who does not wish to wear corsets, I never argue the case with her. I tell her that I wish to fit her over a corset. After that she can leave it off. But I wear a corset differently than it is worn without a corset. I make three pieces under the arm instead of two; and I stitch a piece of strong material crosswise over the hip, to

GAIRTY AT GENEVA.

DRESS IN EARLY AUTUMN BY FAIR LAKE LEMAN.

Lady Promenaders on the Quai du Mont Blanc—Meeting Harry on Rousseau's Island—New Stuffs on Paris Counters.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.] GENEVA, Sept. 8.—(Special Correspondence.) Here in the beautiful city on the blue Lake Lemman, the summer lingers long and gay people from the gay worlds of Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna disport themselves. When the sun goes down and the white form of Mont Blanc stands out behind the nearer hills, then the villas hidden among the trees set open their doors and there issue daintily-dressed women wearing roses. Towards flowers, and the autumn roses of Geneva in particular, I assume the attitude of a humble worshiper. I should not presume even to think of knowing their names and varieties. Before the tall brunette with the great crimson bud at her belt one may be calm, and the Saxon

Under this cloak was worn a gown of cream-colored wool, with full sleeves and short train. The hat, in deference to the advancing season, was of cream-colored felt, with a low crown, loops of openwork galon and one brown bird with spread wings perched in front, just on edge of the brim. A young American girl was charming in a dress of turquoise blue silk, with two founces of black lace edging the hem. A second American wore a brown silk—observe how much brown autumn fashion talk introduces—with changing lights of blue, strewn with small pink and blue bouquets. This costume was made with flat panels and with a plaited ruche of the silk about the bottom of the skirt, the panels being run on ribbons, as seen in many of the newest gowns. The young chaperones of these two wore a costume in checked blue-gray and white wool, blue and this cut on the cross and having the bodice draped with fichu folds in blue-gray silk edged with chenille fringe. The waist scarf had a fringe edge also, and its ends reached to the bottom of the skirt. The string was trimmed with gray velvet and black ostrich plumes.

There was a little fete on Rousseau's Island after the stars came out last night, and the city was brilliant with the lights of its many bridges. A rich Philadelphia had engaged the grounds for an evening garden party, and all the Americans in Geneva were strolling up and down under the many colored lanterns, listening to the rosters and the somewhat piercing notes of the Alpine horn. A charming girl under the wing of an imposing mother, who is somewhat too openly angling for a foreign marriage for her, wore a pale coral pink velvet and silk, vandyked with mouseline de chignon and caught up with knots of gold and silver metal. A good many flowered fabrics were noticeable, two of which close to me for some time in the crush on leaving, were very pretty, one in white foulard, dotted with brown carnations, with their dull green spiky foliage, and the other in a new shade of green, sprinkled with white cyprianthemums. A smart little cape, assumed more on account of its smartness than for any more compelling reason in the soft and deliciously cool atmosphere of a Geneva evening, was of cream-colored cloth, lined with blue silk and trimmed with blue and silver galon. A gown of a quiet green tint was lined with red wherever it was possible, and I noticed several pretty mixtures of white and pale blue.

The day before leaving Paris for this brief Swiss vacation I saw an opening of evening brocades which promises great sumptuousness in dress for the approaching season. The designs and the colors were marvels of weaving. Roses and mauve-tinted lilacs strayed over creamy ground, which were further enriched with set patterns woven thickly of gold and silver threads. An uncommon brocade was of a warm coral color. Roses and morning glories formed the pattern and at both the other edges of the material ran wide borders of moire. Another maize-tinted brocade had on it gold and silver wheat heads tied with silver ribbons.

A pretty actress, whose name I did not catch, appeared on the quai last evening in a very chic and novel gown. The skirt was quite plain and of café-au-lait cloth, very light, and stitched with many rows of white silk about the hem. With this a long Louis Seize vest of finely stitched white and cafe-au-lait fabric was worn, with long double-breasted lapels, and a long thick twisted brown silk turtleneck, the broad collar and lapels. A jabot of white lace filled the front, with two huge salmon lined roses peeping from its filmy folds. A small brown straw hat with more roses went with this toilette, and yet other roses were carried in the hand. It is at twilight that the boats, with their graceful lateen sails, which are seldom seen elsewhere except on the Mediterranean, come dropping into harbor, and in a red-cushioned gondola, which floated here and there idly watching the fleet, one watched in turn a group of girls; one in a cream wool striped with brown, a Louis XVI. frill of white muslin and a small brown tulle with white wings; one, a pale blonde in black, with a large black hat ornamented with pink chiffon, and one in blue green, the bodice strapped with black velvet, which leaned over the clear blue water and trailed in it her hands.

blonde in blue and white, sweetened by pink tea roses, suffers one to preserve one's reason; but the shades of yellowish pink and palest gold, just warmed with a slight blush, are, one finds, when setting off the clear pale skin and trim form of that somewhat rare object, a beautiful Frenchwoman, destructive of all common sense and temperance.

keep the dress in place. Then I bone it in such a way that while it is not stiff and uncomfortable, it yet preserves the outlines of the figure. I have seen women look quite as neat and trim without a dress, without a corset, in the order to emphasize a corset has a tendency to induce what is called a high stomach; that is, the waist-line is shortened in front."

"You only see one-half the body," I said, "supposing the person was not exactly uniform on both sides; what then?"

"If they are not, I see it at a glance," replied the tailor, "and I should fit the larger side. After the dress is cut, it is easier to make it smaller on one side, if necessary."

Monsieur Ledoux thinks that if women had more confidence in their tailors they would get better effects. "A man who understands his business," he says, "knows exactly what a lady ought to wear, in order to emphasize her good points and conceal her bad ones. But," and here Monsieur again shrugged his shoulders, "the majority of women think they know what they want, and they will have it; and all that is left is to do the best you can. But there is no pleasure in making a dress when you feel at the time that your customer ought not to have it, and ought not to wear it."

Monsieur sighed deeply, and his face assumed an expression of sadness as he reflected upon the sacrifices he was obliged to make of his beloved art to the whims of capricious women.

MARGARET MANTON.



A fall jacket.

How Sound Waves are Caught. Whenever I went into Music hall, at the exposition, I puzzled myself with theories about the use to which those six wires, running across the parquet, from gallery to gallery, were put. I asked one friend after another, but they knew as little about the purpose of the wires as I. At last I went to a musician and he told me. The wires are there for the purpose of catching the sound waves from the orchestra as they go into the body of the house, breaking them and scattering them about the house. If the wires did not intercept the waves there would be an echo from the walls in the front and from the galleries.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Horse Tail Protector. A recent patent enables a horse's tail to be kept at all times as trim and neat as a fine lady's coiffure. This patent is entitled the horse tail protector, and consists of a short bar with two heads or buttons on the ends, to which is attached a rubber cord having at each end elastic sockets corresponding with the buttons. The idea is to allow of the horse's tail being twisted round into a knot, which is firmly held by the protector. This not only keeps the tail clean, but saves an immense amount of combing and brushing, which is so destructive to the hair.—New York Commercial.

A Study Lamp. Guest—What sort of a lamp is that? Host—A study lamp. Guest—Ah! Called that because it is for the study, I presume. Host—No. Called that because it takes a great deal of study to run it.—New York Weekly.

A Young Man of Business. Teacher—Willie, can you name the five senses? Tommy (from back seat)—I can tell. Teacher—Well, Tommy, what are they? Tommy—A half dime.

WOLFF'S
ACME
BLACKING

One knows the Englishwomen by their sailor hats—though in Geneva they have the grace to cover them with immense, all-over black lace veils; the German women by their badly fitting bodices, and the Frenchwomen by the length of their walking gowns, which trail several inches over the ground. Coming down the Rigi a few days ago I saw a tall, slender *jeune dame*, alpenstock in one hand and in the other the train of her blue and gray shot silk dress, which, when the exigencies of the rough mountain footpath compelled her to drop it, stretched its sinuous length over rocks and roots in a manner truly edifying. It was the Paris edition, which in this case was much the same as to say the opera bouffe of Alpine climbing.

The Rothschild chateau on the hillside at Pregny usually attracts a gayly attired group of an afternoon. On the piazza yesterday one might have made a comprehensive study of fashion, as she is, here and now. One young lady wore a cloak which was very striking, and which, indeed, in New York would be considered suitable only for an opera wrap or for evening wear. It was a combination of an Abbé Galant or a Watteau drapery in a very pale and delicate brown silk, with a sleeveless Figaro vest in cream colored cloth edged about with gold embroidery. The drapery was plaited to a Medici collar of medium height, and could be allowed to hang in long straight folds over the back to the hem of the gown, or at will the fullness could be gathered over the shoulder and held or fastened in front as a protection against a rush of cold air.

hadn't got enough, have you; I thank you. Wasn't hungry any more."

"Well, I did hope that you would be hungry, for when a man has been out in the weather, why he ought to drop up his system with a little something to eat. Do you want me to subin' a little more to your liking?"

"I'll take a glass of water, if you please," said the judge.

"Fuffelky—welcome to it, I assure you. Mother, fetch the judge a you'd of water. Some folks might not like our style of water, but it's the best there is on the place, an' we jest jog along an' never complain none, even though we know that some folks has better water, than we have. Drink hearty, judge."

The judge took a sip of the water and gagged again. "Why, jest drink it down, judge, for that's plenty mo' in the spring, an' it ain't mo'n a mile from here."

"I have plenty, thank you."

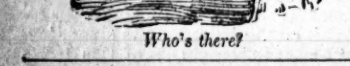
"Well, now you want hungry nudy nudy, but some folks is different from others. Now, I've got a powerful appetite an' drink a good deal of water, but as I said jest now some folks is one way and some another. Well, we'll go in the other room."

"If you have no objections, I should like to lie down," said the jurist.

"All right. Mother, fix the bed upstairs for the judge."

The judge climbed a ladder into a loft, and the first thing he recognized was a strong odor of whiskey. They had actually dampened the sheets with the stuff, but being tired, the judge soon fell asleep. He was awakened with a choking sensation. A stream of whiskey was pouring into his face. Was it possible that the clouds were full of it? He crawled under the bed and while lying there could hear the liquor pattering on the pillow just over his head.

"This beats any thing I ever saw," the guest mused, "and it will be a mercy if I am not drowned in the stuff before morning."



Who's there?

It was a miserably long night, but the judge worried through it at last. Early in the morning the old fellow rapped on the ladder and called out: "Come, get up to breakfast, judge! We ain't got nuthin' so powerful eatin', as the other fellow when he eat the polecat, but such as we have is as free as water. You want a little more, do you?"

The meal was an exact reproduction of the supper, and everything was flavored with whiskey. "What, ain't you going to eat nuthin'?" said the jurist as I looked last night. Some folks is different from others. Have a good of this fresh water? Wife fetch it no longer ago than day before yesterday. What, you ain't got to go, have you? Well, I'll walk with you a leetle piece."

They had walked for some distance in the woods when the old fellow stopped and said: "Well, I'll leave you here. Say, you don't ricoleck me, do you?"

"No, I do not think I ever saw you before."

"Well, I rather think you have. About three years ago I was drawn up before you on a charge of makin' wildcat likker, an' you sent me to the reformatory for a year. Had some new likker on han' an' I jest thought I'd let you know what it tastes like. Whenever you happen to be passin' this way w'y, drop in."

OPIE P. READ.

Mrs. Martha Gray, of Virginia, has been found by the census man. Mrs. Gray is now living with her third husband, and her record at rearing children is thus scheduled: Six triples; six twins; twelve; seven singles; seven; total, thirty-seven children. When the census enumerator facetiously remarked, "Tally one for Mrs. Gray," that good lady exclaimed: "You tally thirty-seven, and don't you forget it!"

Here is a novel way to scent a toilet. Fill a tiny pill bottle with otto of rose or a triple extract of jasmine and let it evaporate uncontrolled. If in the crush of the promenade or the flourish of the dance the vial capelizes, the delicious essence will percolate through the toilet and perfume it everlastingly. With otto of rose, orange and lily, retelling at ten cents a drop, this is by no means an inexpensive fancy.

"The proper way to brush the hair," says a well known hair dresser, "is not to brush it lengthwise, but to hold the ends of the hair, if it is long enough, and simply scrub the scalp with the brush. This process promotes the circulation of the blood and excites the oil glands to action. After the hair has been thoroughly brushed in this way it should be then finished with a few vigorous strokes lengthwise of the hair."

Mrs. Kate Pier and her daughter, Miss Kate Pier, are attorneys at law at Milwaukee, Wis. They entered the University of Wisconsin together, and by taking a double course received their diplomas at the conclusion of the first year in the law college. Both women are attractive and accomplished and are very popular in social circles.

A writer on social topics insists that the rocking chair is no longer permissible in refined society. It is an article for the bedroom, the boudoir and for the place where it is proper to relax one's self and unbend to comfort, but for the drawing room or the reception room it is too undignified and too suggestive of carelessness to be "good form."

Wash dresses are not what their name suggests. The material is the same, but the washing is a thing of the past. They are sent to the cleaner's to be dry-cleaned, which process costs all the way from \$5 to \$10, according to the amount of lace used in trimming. But from a good place they come out in almost their pristine freshness.

There is no man under heaven so strong and unbreakable to hold a man from wrong doing as the pure love of a good woman. Such a tie will in time come to make all sin appear hateful to him.

What is more disagreeable to use than a rusty diction? Rub them with fine emery dust and sweet oil. If you cannot make them smooth send them to a factory and have them ground.

WOMAN.

Never then the fantasies that dare
 Adorn the dreams of our most favored sleep
 Yet perfect form, whose every limb and limb
 Is perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect
 Yet more must we admire thy better part
 The spirit strong to conquer all our fears
 And all the world who shall be ocean deep
 There is no haven like a woman's heart
 Thus, often weary are the strife to win
 Tired of my task, my head I fain would lay
 And all the world who shall be ocean deep
 And watch the action of the world go on
 Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,
 And all the world who shall be ocean deep
 — C. H. Crandall in Lippincott's Magazine

Cheating a Big Corporation.
 Many are the ways taken to pass the
 value railroad ticket chopper and leave
 ticket for him to chop. There is a
 Italian boy somewhere. He has a
 business. He rushed up the stairs at
 Park place station a few days ago, in
 pursuit of a negro youth. He was
 the Italian reached the head of the stairs

"'Hi, there, you nig!' he shouted, 'w for you cheats me!'"

"What's he done?" asked the sympathetic chopper.

"He's," briefly responded the Italian, "'an' now he runnin' away witha all mun. I fixa heem you letta me in."

"Go ahead," said the chopper, seeing sport.

The Italian shot after the negro, man's hand talk eased, during which chopper kept close watch on the two, three trains went.

"Come! hurry up there," at length cried out the chopper, "get your money or him and get out of here. Then his attention attracted the other end of the platform, a train came up the same instant.

ling, walked quietly but quickly across the aisle and sat down side by side. One who had been watching the proceeding from the balcony took a seat opposite.

"I do that up nests, ha?" remarked Italian.

"Yes, far shore," replied the other solemnly.—New York Times.

And So They Were Married.

A bright sun and a pleasant afternoon seemed to halo the happy occasion. The religious ceremony was performed by a union of two young hearts that had been devoted from youth and young girls through the years to the full maturing of young manhood and womanhood, and last so auspiciously brought together in the religious ceremony of God's ordinance.

best at one.
Every threshold of their lives
start together along the journey of
once hand in hand, heart to heart,
that hope and joy which aureoles that
that stretch out before them, and
promise of so much of that brightness
promised by gladness and hope.

After the ceremony which made
one a wedding dinner awaited them
in that feast of good things they re-
earnest, it is hoped, of the largest
which kindly hand has in store for
the future. In the presence of the
the blessings of those they love and
love them. It is the sincere hope
that their many friends that no shadow
ever fall upon their lives, and that
grat flowers bloom along their path.

[illegible]

The Brain of Sea Robins. There is a Frenchman in this town twice a week goes to Bowery bay fishing. He does not care for the bass or flounders or any of the game fisherman usually seek. His prey he despised "sea robin." Very often he will use seventy-five or a hundred. When he does with them? He told a curious story. He said that the sea robin is the "Robin's" heads and took therefrom the main portion of the fishes' brain. The wife prepares with oil, and the Frenchman asserts that they make a dish fit for the gods. He said that the sea robin is reputedly finical epicures the gods of the sea. The sea robin is esteemed for its delicacy, but the mullet is universally despised while the sea robin is not.—New York Herald.

Facts on Mist.

An investigation into the frequency of mist by Dr. Crenner, of Berlin, has somewhat unsuccessful on account of recorded observations. He finds, however, that the maximum amount of except at such stations as those on the coast of the North sea, on islands and mountains—occurs in the months of November and December. About 70 per cent of the year's mist, as a rule, falls in winter, 20 per cent. in spring and 10 per cent. in summer. Mountain stations the greatest number of misty days, winter mist is most frequent in the morning, and in summer occurs only in the morning.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The burnt rubber used for the fishing off of the gold lettering, especially India rubber which has been adapted to a peculiar fire process that makes it very spongy and absorbent. So valuable is the latter quality that it is as big as some of your fingers will hold more than \$15 worth of gold in it. When, after some months of use, a piece of burnt rubber is loaded with gold that it will comfortably carry as much as a lot of others in the same condition to the mint to be assayed, it is called a diamond Star.

Diamond Went Up a Flame

A Brunswick man who was the owner of a diamond star, was in the front of the store, recently when

turning round the diamond slip
his fingers and flew in the stove. It
was immediately cleaned out, but
of the diamond could be found.
He will clean the rest of his diamond
front of the register rather than
stove.—*Langston News.*

Legislative Reform.
Bermuby—I think it would be
idea to have congressmen elected by
cate.

B. Glibchoy—What for?

Bermuby—So that one could
with politics while the other attends
business.—*Texas Sifters.*

A Nuisance Out of the W

wish I had your voice, Squawker.
Squawker (flattered)—Do you?
Bronson—Yes, I do. If I I
wouldn't annoy the neighbors
Shore.

A Work of Art.

Caller (examining new landscape)
—That is an American scene.
Mrs. Struckle—Yes, but
I didn't know a word of English.—
Weakly.

